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REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

CONTRIBUTOR'S CARTOON - RANGER BONG

ANNOUNCER: Well, here we go again today - up to the Pine Cone Ranch for another glimpse of the work of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in their administration and protection of the National Forests. On the ranges within the National Forests of the Western states, grazing of livestock is allowed under permit from the Forest Service, the permit being granted in accordance with carefully worked out range management plans that provide for utilization of the annual forage crop without over-grazing or damage to the ranges. The summer grazing season on the mountain ranges is well under way now, and our friends Rangers Jim Rohkins and Jerry Quicks are busy seeing that the livestock are properly distributed and that the grazing regulations are being followed. Last week, you remember Jerry found Don O'Brand's cattle on the range in violation of the agreement with the local livestock association that cattle would not be permitted on the range until July first. When he rode down to see Mrs. Gay, the owner of the Don O' ranch, about it, they discovered that the widow's new pasture fence had been cut. As you take in now, Jerry has gone back on the range to help the widow's ranch foreman drive the cattle back to the pasture. Here we go -

SOUND OF HORSES AND CATTLE GRIMING

JERRY. (YELLS) Yea-up - Hi, set along there -- Head that cow. (Trans.)



VOICE: (OFF) GAO over there!

JERRY: Hey - who's this coming - whoa, Spark, hold it. (HORSE STOPS)

\_SOUND OF ANOTHER HORSE COMING UP AT CALLS\_

MARY: (OFF, CALLS) Jerry - wait?

JERRY: (CALLS) Huh, - it's you, Mary?

MARY: (COMING UP) Yes - whoa, Tricket (HORSE STOPS) - I was afraid you wouldn't find you, Jerry.

JERRY: What's the matter, Mary? What you riding way you here for, on such a big hurry?

MARY: I was worried about Mrs. Gay. I'm afraid she might do something rash, Jerry. Can't you stop her?

JERRY: Why? - What's up?

MARY: She's as mad as a hornet -

JERRY: I know she is. Somebody cut her new pasture fence - except how these bulls got out.

MARY: But she's got a gun, Jerry - a great big revolver!

JERRY: Got a gun, eh?

MARY: Yes. She was swearing but just as I got back to the house, and she wouldn't say a word about where she was going. All she'd say was that she had some business to take care of, and she looked like she might do anything.

JERRY: I guess she's heading for Sam Rigg's coy camp all right. She suspects two of cutting her fence.

MARY: But can't you stop her, Jerry? I'm so worried - she might get into a lot of trouble.

JERRY: I guess I better ride over there, Mary. - I guess Frank can handle those bulls all right now.



MARY You must go, Jerry. And don't let Mrs. Gay do any riding, will you?  
 JERRY I won't, Mary. I'll be going right now. (CALLS) BOB, Frank, can you handle these critters all right now? I gotta go up to the cow camp.  
 VOICE (OFF) Okay.  
 MARY Should I go too, Jerry?  
 JERRY Maybe you'd better not, Mary. Why don't you help Frank with these bulls in?  
 MARY All right. Trinket just loves to chase cattle.  
 JERRY But be careful how you run up on 'em. These bulls don't handle as easy as most cattle.  
 MARY I'll be careful, Jerry. And please hurry, won't you? Don't let anything happen to Gaysie.  
 JERRY I won't - (CLUCKS) Come on, Spark - (SOUND OF HORSE AT GALLOP) So long, Mary.

INTERVAL - MUSICTADELL - SOUND OF HORSE AT GALLOP

JERRY (CALLS) Hi - Hello there, Mrs. Gay. (HORSE SLOWS TO TROT) Where you headed for?

MRS. G. (OFF) What you doing up here? I thought you were rounding up my bulls.

JERRY Frank's got 'em in by now Gaysie. -- Now, Spark (HORSE STOPS) Where you going?

MRS. G. (ABRUPT) I'm going after that Riggs outfit that cut my fence - that's where I'm going.

JERRY Why all the heavy artillery Gaysie? That six gun looks as big as you do.



MRS. G. Well, I'm not worried if just for fun.

JERRY Better let me carry it, and take the loan off you.

MRS. G. So you don't think I ought to be satisfied with a gun, eh?

Well, I'll tell you, young man, I'm not going to let these commen think they can run all over me, just because I'm a woman.

JERRY Okay, Gaggle. But you'd better let me take the gun just the same. (LAUGHS) You know it's heavy and it starts just.

MRS. G. (SIGH) All right. - Here, - go ahead and take it, - You don't you think I ought never hunting.

JERRY - Let's see how it looks on me - look, the knife and shoot. I guess I better put it in the saddle-bag.

MRS. G. Suit yourself. - Come, Roots ( VOICE IS RATHER SHAKY )

JERRY (LAUGHS) Test Test! Specie! - So you're going to see River camp, Root, Gaggle!

MRS. G. Yes, and you shouldn't worry too. I can't take care of myself either - you do the same.

JERRY This time I'll go along surface. The clouds just going to keep, Roots.

MRS. G. All right. But youself. - Set up, Roots.

FAINTED, SOUND OF HORSES GALLOPING

INTRO

FAINTED - HORSES GALLOPING - DOG BARKING

JERRY There's the Black dog. He's old now, and it's very would you expect - just like his master.

(LAUGHS) There's Black dog of the world - you know. Smells (HORSES SING) (GAGS) Hi there, Sam.



RIGGS: (OFF) Hello there, Jerry - (COMING UP) Howdy do, Mrs. Gey.

MRS. G.: (COLD) Howdy.

RIGGS: Git down an' cool yer saddles.

JERRY: Okey - pretty warm today, Sam.

RIGGS: Yes, 'tis. - Wanta come in, Mrs. Gey? Our camp ain't so awful tidy, I'm afeard, but it ain't bad.

MRS. G.: I can state my business right here, thank you, Mr. Riggs.

RIGGS: Suit yerself, ma'am. What's a-worryin' you?

MRS. G.: Someone cut my pasture fence and let my bulls out on the range.

RIGGS: That so? That's too bad, isn't it? I wonder who done it?

MRS. G.: That's what I'm here to find out. Do you know anything 'bout it?

RIGGS: (LAUGHS) I'm not sayin' yes an' I'm not sayin' no.

JERRY: Sam, somebody cut that fence to drive through a herd of cattle onto this range. We followed those tracks right into a herd of Rapid Creek stock.

RIGGS: What you got to do with it?

JERRY: Not a thing, except the Association asked us to enforce the bull rule and we agreed to do it, and Mrs. Gey's bulls trailed up on the range after the fence ~~was~~ cut.

MRS. G.: Frankly, Mrs. Riggs, I think you or your outfit did it.

RIGGS: (SURLY) Well, supposin' we did. You jugular've put a gate on that road. We've hauled our salt and driv our stock through there for thirty years.

MRS. G.: That is my land, and I have a perfect right to fence it.



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RIGGS: I didn't happen to take your land, and when I did I did it in the  
properly. If we want to take through there be ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> two  
miles around.

ROBBINS: It isn't a road. It isn't even a good trail.  
Maybe so, but it's been used by the public for over a hundred  
years. That makes it a public road, an' I ~~mean~~ <sup>mean</sup> Jimmie.  
Where'd you come from Jim Robbins?

(TOMMIES UP, CHUCKLES) Oh, I just rode in from the creek —  
left my horse with brother in the gully. (CHUCKLES) You folks  
were so busy talkin', I didn't wanta interrupt.

MRS. RIGGS: Look here, Mr. Robbins. I come up here to get a  
fix: I heard some of your conversation, rollin' around the corral.  
Mr. Big, somebody cut that fence and drove cattle across  
and your cattle got out. Is that it?

ROBBINS: Yes, that's it, and I'm accusing Sam Riggs for some of the  
crossing of doing it.

MR. RIGGS: How about it, Jim?

ROBBINS: Well, I ain't sayin' it, Jim, but I'm kinchin' the fence  
that ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> a driveway accordin' to the ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> twenty-year law.

JIM: Yeah, sure — ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> I'd take about twenty years more and a  
lot of litigatin' in the courts to prove your rights from —  
if you have any.

ROBBINS: Believe so, but ~~just~~ <sup>just</sup> the same, I'm goin' to fight 'em through  
if it takes forty years.

MRS. RIGGS: (HEATEDLY) And in the meantime, Mr. Riggs, I'll get out a  
reckonin' witness to keep you off my land, and I'll file  
all that up for trespass and damage.



JIM: Go ahead if you want to.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Looks to me like you folks're both kinda flyin' off the handle. Don't you reckon you could figure out who to settle this peaceable like?

MRS. G: I'm willing, provided Mr. Riggs and his men keep off my land and repair my fence.

RIGGS: I ain't promisin' nothih'.

MRS. G: All right, I start suit tomorrow and I'm serving notice on you right now to stay off my land.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) She means business, Sam.

RIGGS: Wait a minute now, Mrs. Gay. - Mebbe yuh better get off yuh horse an' I'll talk to yuh about that fence.

MRS. G: I can listen right here.

RIGGS: Well - how much damage d'yuh figure we did yuh?

MRS. G: That fence will have to be repaired.

RIGGS: Well, supposin I go fix 'er up, an' talk to the boys about keepin' off - whadda yuh say?

MRS. G: You're talking sense now, Riggs.

RIGGS: Well, I'll talk to the boys about it.

JIM: Why don't you folks fix this thing up right while yo're at it?

MRS. G: Exactly - we don't want any beating around the bush.

JIM: I didn't hear you mention any damage by the stock crossing the land --

MRS. G: Well, I'll admit there wasn't much, Jim.

JIM: All right. Let Sam repair the fence and put in a gate so they can get through, and --







170 (MICHAELE) I never talk to Sam. I guess it's just like this  
always is on things around here to start with.

MICHAELE And at the church, too, Jim. — Sam Jim, the folks around  
here ought to call you the Peacemaker.

SALVOES

(MICHAELE) Peacemaker Jim you know, the Mayor that wouldn't be an  
old name. Well — Uncle Sam's First & Peacemaker will be with  
us again next Friday. This program is presented by the  
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